

MARVEL

COMICS

MYSTERY

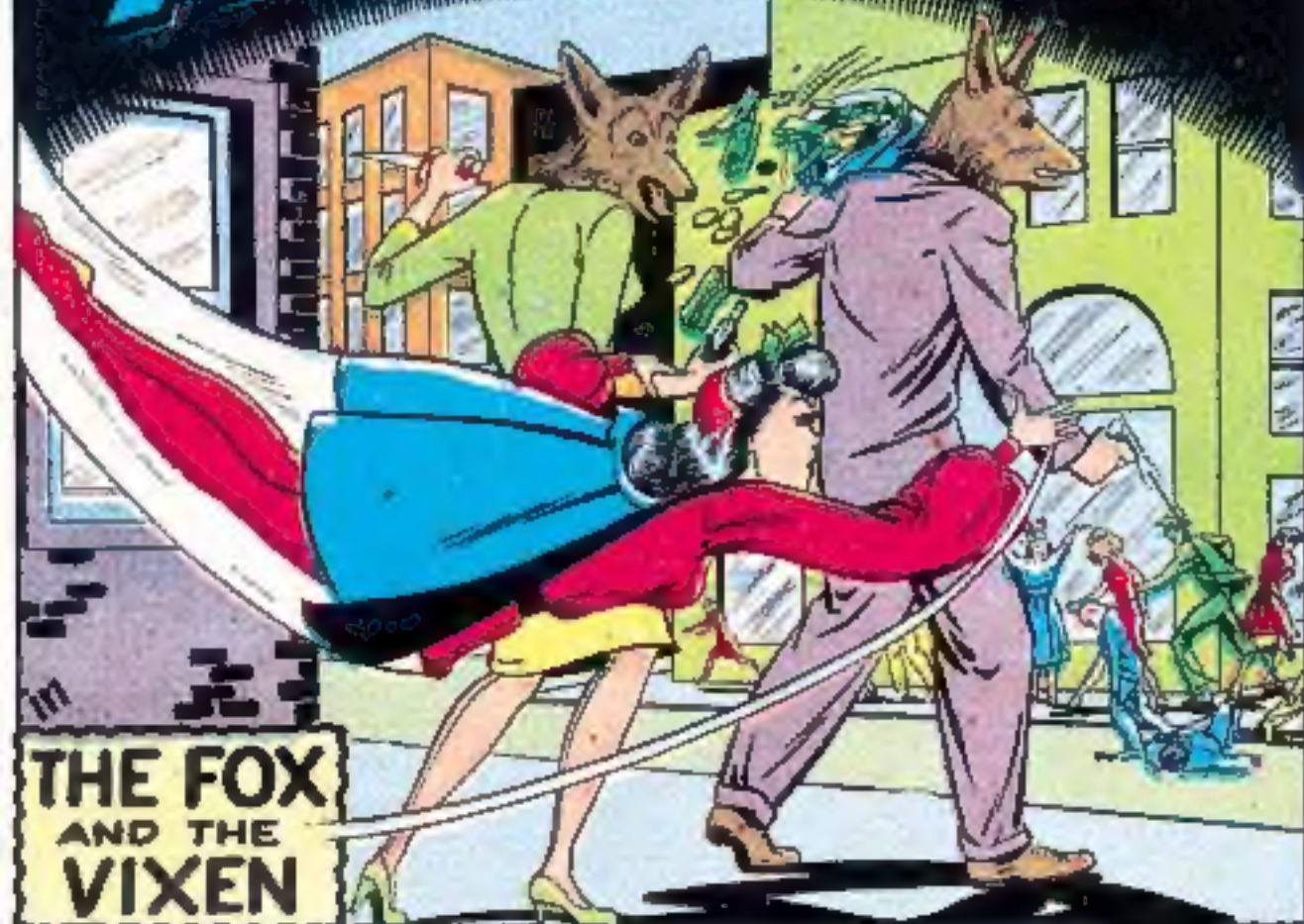
NOVEMBER

NO.
67

10¢



Miss AMERICA



THE FOX AND THE VIXEN

MADLINE JOYCE STOPS AT THE SUBURBAN POST OFFICE NEAR HER LONG ISLAND HOME!

GOOD MORNING, MR. BLIVENS! SOMETHING WRONG?

HELLO, MADLINE! OH, THE ARMED GUARDS YOU MEAN?



BEEN ASSIGNED HERE SINCE WE'RE CASHING GOVERNMENT CHECKS FOR SOLDIERS!

OH!



THE COWARDLY
MURDERERS
SHOT THE
GUARDS IN
THE BACK!

EVERYONE REACH!
GET BEHIND THAT
CAGE AND GRAB
THE DOUGH,
BABY!

RIGHT!

AND IGNORING THE
MENACING GUN, FOLLOWS
UP HER ATTACK...

AN INCENSED
MADELINE ACTS
INSTINCTIVELY...

GET IT, BABE?
HEY! WHAT
THE ---?

EVERY
LAST
NICKEL!
LET'S
GO---
OW-
DUCH!

ON YOUR
FEET, BABE!
I'LL HANDLE
THIS DAME!

UNABLE TO CONTINUE SHOOTING FOR
FEAR OF HITTING HIS COMPANION,
THE KILLER SWINGS HIS BUTTED
GUN...

AND SCURRIES AWAY,
CONCERNED ONLY WITH
HIS OWN SKIN AS THE
HOLDUP ALARM
GOES OFF...



MADELINE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, TO FIND HERSELF AT HOME, AND A WORRIED UNCLE JIM AT HER BEDSIDE...

GOSH! YOU MEAN IT'S THE NEXT DAY?

YES! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE NOT HURT! THE DOCTOR SAYS ONLY YOUR HAT AND THICK HAIR SAVED YOU!



LATER THAT DAY, AFTER UNCLE JIM HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE...



I'M JOINING THE SEARCH! OR SHOULD I SAY, MISS AMERICA IS?

THE POSTAL, F.B.I. AND POLICE CHIEFS WELCOME MISS AMERICA TO A CONFERENCE AFTER HER CONTACTING THEM AND OFFERING TO HELP...

THIS VIXEN IS PLENTY TOUGH! WOULDN'T BUDGE AFTER AN ALL NIGHT GRILLING!

ONE WOULD THINK SHE'D TRY TO GET EVEN WITH THE FOX FOR DESERTING HER?



WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT LOVE AND LOYALTY GAVE ME THE IDEA! IT MAY WORK! HERE'S THE PLAN, GENTLEMEN!



SHE KNOWS WHERE THE FOX IS HIDING OUT!

I HAVE IT!

SHE'LL PROTECT THAT RAT, NO MATTER WHAT! CALL IT LOVE OR LOYALTY!



MINUTES LATER, THE ELATED TRIO OF CHIEFS ARE IN ACTION...

SWELL IDEA! I'LL TEND TO MY PART!

AND I TO MINE!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, MISS AMERICA WATCHES THE VIXEN ENTER FEDERAL COURT TO BE ARRAIGNED...

HER TWO GUARDS APPEAR NERVOUS! HOPE THEY DON'T UPSET OUR PLANS!



SUDDENLY ---

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, COPPERS!

OW-O-O-F!



WHIPPING BEHIND THE GUARD, SHE DOUBLED UP WITH HER ELBOW, THE VIXEN TOPPLES HIM INTO THE OTHER...

YOU FLATFEET MADE A MISTAKE NOT PUTTING THE CUFFS ON ME!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! THERE SHE GOES LEAPING ONTO A PASSING CAR! HOPE THE GUARDS MAKE THE CHASE LOOK GOOD!



THE VIXEN SURE CAN HANDLE A CAR! LOOK AT HER MAKE THAT TURN!



HEY! GET OFF! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

SCRAM, MISTER! I'M TAKING OVER!





HEY! THE WHEEL!

I'LL BE OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THIS BUILDING BEFORE THOSE DUMB COPS GET HERE!



SHE'S CLEVER ALL-RIGHT! CHANGED CABS THREE TIMES AND DOUBLED BACK EACH TIME TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS FOLLOWING!



SHE KEPT LOOKING BACK --- BUT NOT UP! WHICH I THINK WILL PROVE THE FOX'S UNDOING! NOW SHE'S IN THE DRUG STORE, MAKING THE CALL I HOPED SHE WOULD!

FROM THE DRUG STORE, THE VIXEN, UNAWARE OF MISS AMERICA'S SHADOW, DARTS AROUND THE CORNER AND UP TO HER ROOM IN A RUN DOWN ROOMING HOUSE! ELATED AT HER ESCAPE, SHE IS HASTILY PACKING HER CLOTHES, WHEN SHE HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HER...



EXCUSE ME, DEARIE, FOR BARGING IN --- BUT I AM SO ANXIOUS TO MEET THE FOX!

MISS AMERICA NIMBLY SIDESTEPS THE SUDDEN VICIOUS LUNGE OF THE VIXEN...



IT WAS A TRAP TO GET THE FOX! YOU TRAILED ME! I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! OW! MY WRIST!

YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ME!



YOW-F-F-F!

JUST SO YOU CAN FEEL LIKE THE GUARD, DEARIE! AND TO RENDER YOU 'HORS DE COMBAT', LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TRUSS YOU UP!

SORRY TO MUSS
YOUR NOT-SO-
IMMACULATE
COUCH! -- A SIGNAL!?
THE FOX GOT HERE
FRIST!



TENSING FOR BATTLE,
MISS AMERICA THROWS
WIDE THE DOOR AND
GASPS IN SURPRISE...

YOU'RE
NOT THE
FOX!?

WHAT THE --?
MISS
AMERICA?



UNOBSERVED, THE VIXEN SUCCEEDS
IN STAGGERING TO HER FEET AND
TOWARD THE WINDOW...

WHERE'S THE
FOX, RAT?
SPEAK UP
OR I'LL ---!

HE'S WAIT-
ING IN A
CAR ACROSS
THE STREET!
HE SENT
ME UP TO
MAKE SURE
IT WASN'T
A TRAP!

THANKS FOR THE
INFORMATION! HE
WALKED INTO THE
TRAP HE FEARED,
ANYWAY! HEY!
GET AWAY FROM
THAT WINDOW!



DOWN BELOW, THE WAITING
FOX WHIRLS TO A CRASH
OF GLASS...

THE BABE BOUND
AND GAGGED?
(GULP) IT'S
MISS AMERICA!
I'M SCRAMMING!



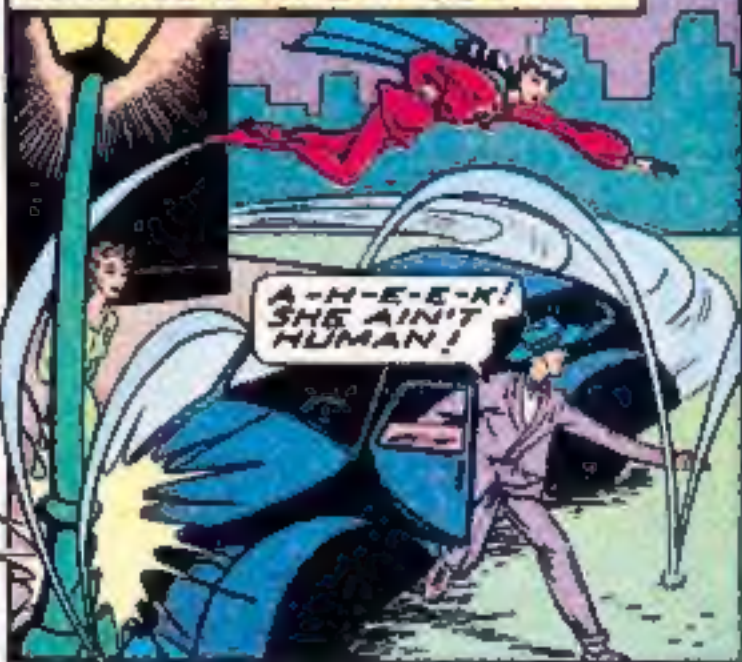
YOU CRAZY
FOOL! TRYING
TO KILL YOURSELF
TO WARN THAT
WORTHLESS
SNAKE!



I'M NOT LEAVING YOU BEHIND! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FRONT SEAT AT THE BOYFRIEND'S WATERLOO!



A SERIES OF LIGHTNING DIVES AND DIZZY WHIRLS, BEFUDDLES THE TERRIFIED FOX AND HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE WHEEL . . .



A-H-E-E-K!
SHE AIN'T HUMAN!

CORNERED LIKE A RAT, THE FOX IN PANIC, SHOOTS WILDLY WITH TRAGIC RESULTS . . .



OH-H-H!

THE
VIKIN
IS HIT!

DEAD! KILLED BY THE DIRTY UNDESERVING SWINE SHE TRIED TO SAVE! (SIGH) THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU!

I HATE DOING THIS ORDINARILY!
BUT THIS TIME IT'S A PLEASURE!



THE END